

the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should cōterfet too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfet: therefore ile make him sure, yea and ile swear I kild him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Pr. Come, brother John, ful brauely hast thou flesh'd Thy mayden sword.

John. But soft, whom haue we heare?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,

Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliuē?

Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eyesight?

I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes

Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not lacke Falstaffe, then am I a lacke: there is Percie, if your father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percie himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, Percie I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying. I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeu'd to: if not, let them that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliuē, and would denie it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale, that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother John, Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

For my part, if a lie may doe thee good, Ile giuld it with the happiest terme
Aretraite is founded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retr
Come, brother, let vs to the highest
To see what friends are liuing, wh

Fal. Ile follow, as they say, for re
God rewar d him. If I doe growe
purge and leaue Sacke, and l
should do.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the John of Lancaster, Earle of W and Vernon, prisoners.

King. Thus euer did rebellion f
Illspirited Worcester, did not we
Pardon, and termes of loue to all
And wouldst thou turne our offers
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans t
Three knights vpon our partie flai
A noble Earle and many a creature
Had bene aliuē this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truel
Betwixt our armies true intelligen

Wor. What I haue done, my fa
And I embrace this fortune patie
Since not to be auoyded it fals on

King. Beare Worcester to the
Other offenders we will pause vpon
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord Dou
The fortune of the day quite turn
The noble Percie slaine, and all h
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with
And falling from a hill, he was so
That the pursuers tooke him. At
The Douglas is: and I beseech y
I may dispose of him.